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Our machinery is the latest and most improved pattern and our tools have been carefully selected, many of them having been made in our own shop for the purpose of manufacturing unique patterns of Jewelry. Our facilities therefore for the manufacture and repair of goods in our line are excellently fitted, and we can turn our work on the shortest notice.

We cordially invite the public to call and examine our stock as well as to inspect our workshop which is open during business hours, as it will afford a pleasure to explain to any and all others the novelties and intricacies of jewelry manufacture.

We are selling goods lower than the lowest, and cheaper than the cheapest.

Now is the time to make selections for the Holidays, which are close upon us, and for which we have made provision by adding to our stock late selections of new and stylish patterns.

Taber Bros.

The Cairo Bulletin.

Office, Bulletin Building, Corner Twelfth Street and Washington Avenue.

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The Bulletin.

DAN'S WIFE.
BY KATE B. TRUE.

In early morning light,
Out of all the household spring,
Seeing bairns, being bright,
Tearing up the old stockings,
Measuring time in Johnson's close,
Pounding up and down the stairs,
Tying bairns in their cradles,
Cutting bread, making bread,
Doing up our mornin' bread,
Eating as she can, by choice,
Tearing husband kindly closer,
Tutting bairns, makin' bairns like,
Curd woman,
Dane's wife!

Don comes home at full o' night,
Home so cheerful, west and bright,
Children round him at the door,
Pull him in and kiss him over,
All the little gairns are gay,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Padethon tied red ribbons like,
Bairns are seen, weeping like,
Tried woman,
Dane's wife.

Don walks on and falls asleep,
See the women softly sleep,
Pale without last, poorest,
Not a bone in their bones,
Mornin' comes, her feet fall flat,
Stockings, shoes and little frock,
Tired and weary brain,
She walks, weeps, weeps, away,
She must work but never play,
Closed eyes, muted bairns,
Don's wife, makin' bairns like,
Brigitte failed out of life,
Saddest woman,
Dane's wife.

Up she goes to bed and finds
Everywhere the woman lies,
Children wander free to play,
When and where they will, teacher,
Pins and needles, cradles and old,
Don should never be out of place,
Loving one dear, nothing more,
She has no love, but her bairns,
Hand that knew not what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded arms, weeping like,
Wife is one short life,
Saddest woman,
Dane's wife.

A SENATORIAL MILL.
COKING AND CHANDLER. HOW THE
SENATORIAL PADDED OUT AN OLD SENATE.
MR. HOWARD OF DETHROTTED SENDS COKING
TO GRASS.

Crawford writes from Washington to The *Louisville Leader*:

I do not care to say that Chandler drinks to excess, he might arrest me for criminal libel, but I think you may venture with impunity to the statement that he is not a strenuous提倡er of drink, nevertheless he is a heavy drinker, and after dinner he always has a glass of whisky. A friend reports me a sample of Chandler's style, as follows: "After dinner he used to boast of his strength. Upon this particular occasion he raced his host over the table."

"See my mother," said he, "I can lick any man of my size anywhere, if I am an old man; that is because I am scolded in the business. But I won't claim a man now, he is a gentleman." Now, when a man tells a falsehood about me, my way is to grab his neck, and I would kick him, but Tom Potts is no gentleman. George Townsend I was going to kick, once for telling a darning about me, and I hunted for him over a week, but before I found him I learned that he was no gentleman, and so I did not say it.

Chandler's great hobby is his skill as a pugilist. Ross Cokling is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington. Mr. Cokling invites such men to his school as are gymnastically qualified for a strenuous fight with weighty gloves. Cokling is a very gallant, powerful man; he is generally in his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put the gloves on with him. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Cokling which was the better boxer of the two. Chandler would, after every dinner party on which he was a member, easily assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last winter Chandler dined with a visiting amateur, the latter invited him to go with him to the private gymnasium. The gloves were donned and the exceedingly strong began to make graceful set charges, passed toward one another according to the most approved rules of the P. R. The bout, however, was of very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes, which caused the huge senatorial form to go over backward; his trusty legs failed him, and then he sat down so hard that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war-sawator upon his legs, and he threw up his hands in despair without any further efforts to punish Cokling. The only remark he was heard to make was, "Danstrange!" and "Willya bin yet."

Cokling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after the above occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Cokling's social board. The elder sent back word that he regretted very much his inability to be present but he had at his house a guest, a valued constituent from Michigan and he would not leave him. Cokling sent back word, "Bring your friend along!" With the form of invitation Chandler consented to come up. He brought his friend with him, and introduced him as Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan. Howard was a sad-eyed man of silent manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare, rather than to join in the general conversation at the dining-table. Cokling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again the story of Chandler's disqualification as a boxer, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about his ability to kick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as it suddenly became evident above any such petty ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner, Cokling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general shoo-kay.

"Come," he said pleasantly to Chandler, "don't you want another bout with the gloves?" and then Cokling laughed again in his most cheerful, turkey-gobbler style, as he put on a pair of gloves. "No, I don't want to box," said Chandler; but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Turning to Mr. Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box do you not?"

Mr. Howard still looked sad-eyed and absent-minded. He did once know some

thing about it, but it was a long time ago.

"Come come," said Cokling, "let us have a friendly bout. I won't hurt you." Evidently the great New York senator was pinning to knock some one down. The sly-eyed Mr. Howard evidently blustered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves Chandler was drawn down a little to the background. A moment or two later the man suddenly pushed forward and landed a homely kick between Cokling's eyes. This homely kick over like a great tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by the concussion. He was heard to say afterward that he thought a house had fallen on him.

Cokling had enough of boxing for once. Chandler made several pleasant little remarks about the fight, and Cokling, which were not received in the most cheerful way, judged of Cokling's feelings the next day when he learned that Chandler had played a joke upon him by giving Mr. Howard \$100 to come up and fence Cokling. The Mr. Howard of Detroit, Michigan, was none other than the notorious pugilist, Jim Mace.

The Way to Blanket Horses.

But few people, comparatively, understand how to blanket a horse to protect him from contracting cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double and laid across the rump, and a part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body that need protection entirely exposed to cold winds and chilling winds.

These parts of the body of a horse will surround the horse to receive the benefit of the blanket in preference to his flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold we shield our shoulders, neck, chest and back. If these parts are kept protected, the lower part of the body will ensure a degree of cold in more intense, without any injury to the body, than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, with shoulder and shoulder, and be brought around the breast and buttocks or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat, when bearing his bacon. Let the lungs of a horse be protected with a heavy blanket, and he will withstand contract cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered.

We refer more particularly to blanketing horses that have become unusually warm by violent exertion or hard driving and exposing them to a cold current of air.

Many of our best teamsters protect the breast of their horses by a piece of heavy cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is shielded from the cold wind, especially when travelling toward a strong current. The forward end of the horse blankets should be made to fit as closely around the breast of a horse as one garment around the body of one.

Most horses will sustain a violent cold almost as soon as a man, if not blanketed when they stand still after having been exercised so violently as to produce profuse perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering any inconvenience from colds. But allow him to stand still for a few moments while leading or minding, without a heavy blanket to protect his shoulders and lungs, and he will take cold sooner than some men.—*Exchange*.

Queer Thing About Bees.

The poppy-bee makes her nest in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large, round hole, and then it spreads into a cavity, and fills the cavity with wax. She then lays an egg, folds the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets, and closes up the hole, so it cannot be distinguished; and there in its rosy cradle to rest in she leaves her baby-bee to take care of itself. The leaf-cutting bee makes her cells of green leaves, shaping them like thimbles. These little insects are very fond of honey and pollen from thistles, lays her eggs, and covers the cells with round feathers, that fit it exactly. The mason-bee makes its nest of mud or mortar. It looks like a bit of dirt sticking to a wall, but has little cells within. The mother bee does all the work, sticking little grains of sand and earth together with her glue.—*Merry's Museum*.

Liberality in Farming.

In this art, and almost in this art alone, is the liberal hand which makes money.

Liberality in good barns and warm-sheds is the source of health, strength and comfort to animal; causes them to thrive on less food, and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberality also in the provision for domestic animals is the source of flesh, muscle and marrow.

This is an agricultural, as in every part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our industry and our happiness.

In raising animals the condition of success is kindness and benevolence towards them.—*Local Quaker*.

...

An old grader was recently killed in Virginia at the age of ninety. The name of the fortunate boarding house that drew the prize is not given.

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